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The Independent

FEBRUARY 15, 1900

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Ten Cents a Copy = Two Dollars a Year

130 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK

the non-Christian religions, with their strange mingling of the false and true; the relation to be held to governments, whether of the home lands or of those lands where the work is done; problems of Bible translation and the preparation of a Christian literature; problems of philanthropy, the degree to which the work of the physician may be a free gift, and its relation independent of or subordinate to the evangelistic purpose.

As we glance over these great questions there comes a realization of the wondrous scope of the great work, and as we look over the list of those who come to give their testimony, to offer their suggestion, we cannot but feel that here is an opportunity such as the Church has not had. And yet there is one other purpose and an even higher one. More and more as the work of preparation goes on there comes the sense of another power dominating, guiding, and which cannot but bless. It is to be more than a con-

ference; it is to be a communion. Clearer and stronger as the years have gone by there has grown a mighty sense of fellowship among the workers. It has manifested itself on the foreign field, where men and women of very diverse beliefs and methods have united in prayer and counsel until all have been blended into one, and men have caught a glimpse of the unity for which the Master prayed. In the references to this coming Conference that note has been struck again and again, and there is manifest the longing, even the yearning, for that complete binding together of the different, sometimes scattered, battalions of the great army. As they meet and speak the languages of widely separated continents, one common language shall give expression to the common thought and spirit. There shall then go forth from these meetings to the Church in every land an influence which shall not cease under the direction of the great Leader until the promise be fulfilled, and the Church be one.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. Lincoln and a Lady of the Sanitary Commission.

By Helen Evertson Smith.

IN the winter of 1864 the officers of the Sanitary Commission had issued a call to the women of the various relief associations which had so liberally contributed to its support to send delegates to a sort of talk-it-all-over meeting in Washington, D. C. Not all of the societies responded to the call, the weather being severe and the journeys too long for women from the more distant States. Nevertheless between forty and fifty women were assembled, and the four days and evenings were interesting to all the members and their friends, and probably proved profitable to the cause in which all were so enthusiastically engaged.

To the best of my recollection the sessions occupied the first four days of the last week in January. All business having been concluded at the morning session on the fourth day, the disposition to be made of the remaining time, before convenient trains could be taken to distant points, was put to vote.

Two things were proposed. A visit to some of the hospitals and a call upon the President. Some of the ladies thought that a visit from us would be an intrusion upon our beloved and overburdened Chief Magistrate, and I was among this number. In the end about one-half of the delegates decided for the hospitals, and the remainder for the call at the White House.

Finding that the call was determined upon by some, and wishing very much to look upon Mr. Lincoln "just once," I concluded that "one more would not count," and so joined the party going to the Presidential Mansion.

It is probable that previous arrangements had been made for us, because we had only a few moments to wait in the cheerless, and, at that time, sadly dilapidated "blue room," where the merrily whistling "little Tad" hopped on one foot across the carpet as regardless of our presence as a tame sparrow,

before we were ushered up the private staircase to a small room where the President was waiting to receive us.

Wishing to look at the man upon whom so much depended as long and as intently as possible without attracting observation or appearing to stare, I remained well at the rear of the little procession which went up to shake hands with him.

Long, lank, haggard and embarrassed, he certainly looked as if, in the depths of his gentle heart, he were silently wishing that these well-meaning women had not laid this additional burden upon him. His great, sorrowful dark eyes were far sunken under cavernous eyebrows. His thick, dark hair, showing here and there a gray thread, had probably been brushed in the morning, but now it lay at wildly crossed purposes over his massive head. His complexion was sallow almost to bronze. His large nose loomed above a wide mouth set in a heavy muscular framing which looked as if it had never smiled. Awkward he was, very, but without clownishness; only the awkwardness of a giant born for out-of-door life and action, but constrained to use the mental faculties alone, and feeling physically cramped for want of air and exercise.

Each one of the ladies as she shook hands had tried to say some pleasant thing, and he had gravely and perfunctorily replied with an expressionless "thank you."

The moments were getting to seem fearfully long. Would it never be over? Did a score of women ever before consume so much time in passing a given point? The President's face looked as angular, dark and unbeautiful as a stained glass window seen from the outside when there is no light behind it. "Could we not get out?" A lady beside me asked this in a whisper.

Just then it became the turn of a tiny, dear old Quaker lady from Philadelphia to take the long-suffering giant's downstretched hand. She had to rise on tip-toe to reach it. As she did so her sweet voice uttered some words I did not catch, but their effect I saw. As when the lights suddenly blaze behind a cathedral's windows, flashing beauty where was but formless dullness, so the soul-light illumined these rugged features and poured from the

wonderful eyes. The gaunt and bent form straightened, even the angles seemed to fill out and cause the figure to assume the proportions which nature had intended. The mouth became even beautiful in its sweetness. As the transfigured face bent above the upturned bonnet of the little Quaker lady whose features it hid from us, a stream of blessing seemed to flow from his face to hers. This time his "thank you" was uttered in a tone that was as changed as his face. He still held her hand, and she spoke again. I may not give the words of either exactly, but I know that I give the spirit of both, and that the words themselves are very nearly if not quite the same.

"Yes, friend Abraham, thee needs not think thee stands alone. We are all praying for thee. All our hearts, the hearts of all the people are behind thee, and thee *cannot* fail! The Lord has appointed thee, the Lord will sustain thee, and the people love thee. Yea, as no other man was ever loved before does this people love thee. We are only a few weak women, but we represent many. Take comfort, friend Abraham, God is with thee. The people are behind thee."

"I know it." The great, soft voice rolled solemnly and sweetly forth from the trembling lips. "I know it. If I did not have that knowledge—it is not hope, it is knowledge—the knowledge that God is sustaining and will sustain me until my appointed work is done, I could not live. If I did not believe that the hearts of all loyal people were with me I could not endure it. My heart would have broken long ago. It is that blessed knowledge and that blessed belief that holds me to my work. This has been a bad day, and I was almost overwhelmed when you ladies came in. You have given a cup of cold water to a very thirsty and grateful man. Ladies"—raising his grand head and casting over us all such a look as a father might give his children when they have cheered him—"Ladies, you have done me a great kindness to-day. I knew it before. I knew that good men and women were praying for me, but I was so tired, I had almost forgotten. God bless you all!"

I do not know how we left the room, but I know that there was not a dry eye among us. In those days dress skirts were worn at a

very inconvenient length, and the Washington streets were wofully far from clean, but I believe that each one of us could have humbly kissed the bedraggled skirt hem of

the dear little old lady who had spoken what we all felt and longed to say, and, but for her, would have come away without saying.

NEW YORK CITY.

How Jefferson Davis Received the News of Lincoln's Death.

By A. W. Thomson,

LATE LIEUTENANT CO. G, TWELFTH OHIO V. C.

THE war being practically over I was sent from our camp at Lincolnton to Charlotte, N. C., under a flag of truce. Having entered the town with E. M. Clark, a member of my company, as an escort, I was conducted to General Echols's headquarters, in a large upper room, evidently a schoolroom. Our guide pointed out the general, a fine looking, portly gentleman seated at a table. Removing my hat, I advanced and laid my papers on the table, and said: "General Echols, I presume. These dispatches are from General Gillam. Shall I wait for an answer?"

"Please be seated," the general said.

Glancing around I saw about sixteen or eighteen gentlemen, all, with one or two exceptions, in military uniform. Col. Cal Morgan, a brother of Gen. John Morgan, of raiding fame, came to where I was sitting, and, shaking hands, said: "I believe you and I are not altogether strangers." He had been our prisoner a year or so before. While we chatted a gentleman in a civilian melton gray suit turned to address General Echols. The cold stare of a glass eye caught my attention, and the features were somewhat familiar.

"Ah! Jeff Davis, and you here, pressed to the wall," was my first thought. But I saw a much pleasanter faced man than our Northern papers had pictured him. A dispatch was handed to General Echols, who read and re-read it, with an anxious, earnest look upon his face. Half rising he passed the paper to Mr. Davis, who read it slowly, and, handing it back, remarked: "Well, we have lost a generous enemy."

I paid little attention to what Mr. Davis said, supposing one of our Northern generals

had been killed or died. The dispatch went the rounds of all, finishing in Colonel Morgan's hands, who asked General Echols, if consistent, to allow me to read it.

"Oh, yes; give it to him!" he said; when I read:

"GREENSBORO, N. C., April —.

"Lincoln was assassinated the night of the 14th in Ford's Theatre. Seward was assassinated about the same time in his own house. Grant has marched his army back to Washington to declare himself military dictator.

"(Signed) J. E. JOHNSTON."

I cannot recall the exact date of the dispatch. But it necessarily traveled slowly, as we had cut all the telegraph wires, burned bridges, torn up railroads and impeded travel all we could.

It was not long till Mr. Davis left the room, and several others followed.

General Echols asked, "Mr. Thomson, where is Burbridge and his niggers?"

"Just back of Lincolnton," I said. Being somewhat incensed at the question, I said, "I see you have President Davis with you, General?"

Looking around the room the general said, "No, Mr. Davis is not here."

"But," said I, "he was here a minute ago."

"Mr. Thomson, I am surprised at your asking any such questions while here under a flag of truce."

"Oh! I beg pardon, General, you broke down that bar by asking as to Burbridge and his niggers."

General Echols, smiling, said: "Yes, President Davis is with us."

After a hasty repast furnished by Mrs. Echols we left for our post.

COSHOCOTON, OHIO.